CHANNEL
CHASERS
A Nostalgic TV Zine
Y2K

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRODUCER

Welcome to the Channel Chasers Zine, a digital collection of artwork and stories celebrating our cast and crew's favorite nostalgic TV shows. My name is Aly and I had the pleasure of producing this incredible project alongside my team of directors. This is my second zine that I have hosted and since working on my first [Word Up Zine], I've always had this itch to create a project centered around the shows of my childhood, the Y2K and 2010s.

My fondest memory of watching TV growing up was waking up early in the morning on Saturdays before the sun even came up to turn the TV on to Nickelodeon. It would be 5:57am and the credits to "The George Lopez Show" would be rolling as I anticipated the switch from Nick at Night to Nick. The first show that would play at 6:00am on the dot was "Rugrats"followed by the spinoff "All Grown Up".

Ever since then, I never lost my love for children's television. From my 5th grade presentation on Kim Possible to my senior research project on the effectiveness of E/I TV shows on children's success in school to today with the Channel Chasers zine. This is dedicated to all of those who carry the lessons and love from their favorite shows and bring that positivity into our world today.

Inspired by The Fairly OddParents special of the same name,
I hope that you are transported back to your childhood favorites and have just as much fun reading as we had creating this zine!

Producer Aly

TV GUIDE

CHANNEL CHASERS

A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

The Backyardigans

Holly Hobbie & Friends

Winx Club

Hey Arnold!

As Told By Ginger

Jimmy Timmy Power Hour

"C'mon hurry up, we don't want to be late for our cab!"
Adorned in her signature blue denim newsboy cap and patchwork jeans, an eager Holly Hobbie and her family are heading to visit her hometown for spring break. Not only is this a chance for her to help her Aunt Jessie bake fresh treats at her cafe, but it is also a whole week to spend with her best friends Carrie Baker and Amy Morris. It's no wonder she could hardly contain her excitement as she takes her seat and continues threading a new set of friendship bracelets. It's become a tradition for Holly to make a new set of bracelets for the Hey Girls (that's the name of her best friend group)! As she passes by the buildings of her childhood town, pulling up to her Aunt Jessie and Uncle Dave's home, memories flood of her time in the spring picking flowers and riding her bike.

"Carrie, Amy I'm so happy to see you!"
Jumping from the taxi cab, Holly runs out to find her best friends awaiting her at the front steps of her aunt's house. They rush into each other's arms as if they were apart for years. In reality, it had only been about 3 months, but Holly loves her besties so much, it feels like a lifetime when they're away.

"You're here just in time for the annual Spring festival!" says Amy, wearing her favorite pink shirt and red pants.
"Thank goodness your spring break fell right on the weekend of the festival. It wouldn't have been the same without you here!" says Carrie, her hair nearly brushed into an afro wearing her green striped polo and jean pants combo.
"Before anything, I have a surprise for you two," Holly says as she takes the friendship bracelets out of her pant pocket. She holds out her gifts, one red bracelet with a gold flower charm for Amy and a green bracelet with a gold butterfly charm for Carrie.
"Aww these are so cute Holly, thank you!"
"We can always count on our crazy crafter to surprise us with handmade gifts."
The girls continue the chatter until they hear a loud voice coming from the car.
"Hey Holly, forgetting something?" her mother says as all of the suitcases are lined up on the driveway.
"Oh right, I gotta help unpack, but how about we meet at Aunt Jessie's cafe later?"
"Sure thing Holly, see you later!"
The girls walk back towards their homes as Holly's mother hands her a bright blue suitcase with the initials HH on the front.
"Don't worry Holly, you'll have plenty of time to spend with them this week. Now let's get you all unpacked. The sooner we're done, the sooner we can say hello to your aunt!" Uncle Dave reminds her.

Holly enters a bright pink cottage-styled building that has the distinct smell of chocolate and blueberries. Aunt Jessie's cafe has been a staple in the town for over a decade, serving up freshly baked pastries daily. Their specialty? Muffins! With over two dozen flavors to choose from, people have driven across the state to try her recipes. The cafe was normally busy, but today felt busier than a Walmart offering $100 TVs on Black Friday! Holly and her friends rush past the crowd to find the kitchen in a state of disarray. Aunt Jessie and her trusty employee Devon, in a state of panic, balance serving customers and searching through old cookbooks.

"Hi, Aunt Jessie! I'm guessing this a bad time to catch up?" Holly remarks as she dodges a cookbook that goes flying past her head.
"Hi honey, I'm sorry for the mess, Devon and I are looking for the perfect muffin recipe for tomorrow's spring festival dessert competition."
"You've entered and won several times, but you seem very dazed today, is there something different about this year?"
"Oh yeah, we are talking big stakes here," says Devon. Her blue polo and black braids are covered in icing, but she ignores that for now as she tries to read more recipes. "Not only will celebrity pastry chef Tiramisu LaCréme be here to judge, but she's offering the winner a grand prize of $10,000!"
"10,000 DOLLARS?!" the girls say in unison.
"Yes, and the cafe could really use the money, our poor cottage is in desperate need of refurbishment." As if on cue, one of the lightbulbs in the kitchen begins to flicker until it dims. "$10,000 can go a long way in ensuring this bakery is with our family for generations." Aunt Jessie says as she starts to collect the tossed cookbooks from the ground.

Holly has always been close with her Aunt Jessie, so seeing her so sad about not finding the right muffin recipe gets her thinking. In a "lightbulb moment", she turns to Carrie and Amy with a smile on her face.
"I have an idea! How about for our Hey Girls good deed, we help my Aunt Jessie find the perfect muffin recipe to enter into the competition?"
"That sounds like a great idea Holly!" says Carrie.
"Yeah, maybe that will help her completely focus on the cafe with the spring break crowds too," Amy says as she walks over a chocolate-covered cookbook.
On board with the idea, Aunt Jessie hands the girls a handful of books and clears off a countertop for them to use.
"If you need anything girls, just let us know!" Aunt Jessie says running towards the front of the cafe to man the cash register.

"Alright Hey Girls. any ideas for an award-winning muffin recipe?"
"There's so many to choose from. Strawberry, banana, coffee…"
"Mac and cheese!"
Holly and Carrie turn to give Amy a look of confusion.
"It sounded better in my head."
Holly reaches for Carrie and Amy's hands, pulling them into the pantry to look for potential ingredients.

Hands full of random items, they lay out their findings on the kitchen counter. Holly takes her denim-covered diary with the initials HH on the cover and opens to a page.
“Alright ladies, what do we have?”
Carrie carries a large bag over her shoulders and plops it down on the table.
“I brought this giant bag of chocolate chips and some cocoa powder, how about a double chocolate chip muffin?”
“A fan favorite, What else?”
Holly takes a blue pen from her cap and jots down notes on a sticky pad. Amy comes up and lays a handful of cans on the desk.
“The pantry had some cans of apple filling, maybe an apple pie muffin would do the trick? If not, I did find a box of Mac and Cheese…just in case.”
“Well, the first idea at least sounds like a great twist on a classic dessert. I found some leftover sprinkles from Valentine's Day. Oooh, how about Funfetti muffins?”
“Oh there’s no use, there’s so many flavors out there, let’s just pick one!” Amy says as they all slump onto the counter.
“I think we should go with double chocolate, I mean who doesn’t like chocolate?”
“Yeah but that’s been done before, we should go with something unique, I don’t think you see an apple pie muffin very often.”
“The same could be said for Funfetti muffins, that’s super simple.”
“Funfetti is a safe choice, but maybe something simple might impress the judges?”
“We always have Mac and Cheese…”
“Amy, no one's gonna eat a Mac and Cheese muffin.”
“But it’s definitely unique!”

The girls continue to argue in circles as Devon walks into their conversation to finish sweeping the floors. Perplexed by the mess of ingredients scattered around the kitchen, she tries to play as a mediator.
“Girls, GIRLS! What’s going on?” They all turn to Devon.
“Devon, we need your help! We are trying to find the perfect muffin recipe for Aunt Jessie so she can enter the fair’s muffin competition, but we can’t decide which flavor to bake.”
“Yeah, we are between double chocolate chip, Funfetti, and apple pie.”
“What should we do?”
Devon leans her broom on the wall and brings her finger to her chin to think. In an “aha moment”, she points her finger to the sky and looks at the girls with enthusiasm.
“How’s about this? You each create the muffins you believe should be entered into the competition, and then I can help judge them. I’ve worked at your aunt’s bakery for years, so I think I know a thing or two about what makes a muffin spectacular!”
“That sounds like a great idea! Oh, thank you, Devon!” Holly runs to give her a hug.
“It’s my pleasure, but you’ll have to wait until after closing, we are still baking treats for the day.”
“Of course Devon,” Carrie says as they take their ingredients to the back for now.
“Bye, see you later!” The girls say in unison as they walk out of the kitchen into the cafe and out the door.
Devon grabs her broom from against the wall.
“There’s never a dull moment when Holly is back in town,” she says to herself as she continues sweeping.

Later that evening, Devon walks back into the cafe to check up on the girls and see how they've progressed on their muffin competition.
"Well…so much for sweeping the place," she remarks as the back looks like a tornado blew through the kitchen. Holly is quickly whipping up the batter and as she goes to toss in sprinkles, the lid to the jar falls into the batter, spilling the entire bottle of sprinkles. Carrie is watching the oven as her double chocolate chip muffins, clearly overfilled in the tin, begin to spill over the muffin tin. As for Amy, who knows where she even managed to find gummy worms as there's not a single pastry that uses them, but there they are, sticking out of her underbaked muffins...along with crushed-up pretzel sticks, raisins, and peanut butter cups.

"Girls…GIRLS!" Devon shouts to get their attention. "What on Earth is going on?"

"Oh Devon, it's been a disaster," Holly states. "I have been baking since I could walk and somehow I keep messing up my batter. First I dropped eggshells inside, then I poured in hot melted butter which curdled the eggs, and when I redid my batter, my dry ingredients puffed up in the air when I turned on the mixer to high. And do I even need to point out my batter is now more sprinkles than batter now." she says in disappointment.
"I couldn't open the apple pie cans, so I panicked! I have no idea what is even in my muffin, but it's probably inedible," Amy says grabbing one. She takes a bite to the horror of the group. Amy looks in disgust as she spits the muffin out into the garbage can overflowing next to her.
"Yep, can confirm, that's definitely inedible"

As they laugh off Amy's muffins, they smell something burning. Then the fire alarm begins to blare.
"Carrie, your cupcakes, they're still in the oven!" Holly yells. Devon grabs a pair of oven mitts from the wall, opens the oven to a wave of smoke, and quickly grabs the tray to carry it outside. "Maybe I should have kept a stopwatch," Carrie thinks aloud.
"Yeah, those look so burnt, Santa could've used them as coal for naughty children!" Amy jokes.

Devon returns back to the kitchen and points at the door to the girls. They all walk into the main cafe space and sit down together at a square table. Covered in various muffin ingredients, the girls turn to one another and sigh.
"I'm sorry Devon, instead of finding the perfect recipe, we couldn't agree on anything and instead tried to fight over who had the best muffin. Turns out I still have a lot to learn about baking myself; I'm so used to making small batches of desserts, trying to make a fair's worth was way more work than I thought," Holly says.
"We should have come together and decided on one recipe. Now we are low on ingredients and the competition is tomorrow morning. What are we gonna do?" Carrie says.

Holly stares at a picture of her family on the wall. Herself, her mother, father, brother, and uncle are surrounding Aunt Jessie who is holding a cake tray stacked with her cafe staple flavor, blueberry crumble. In a "eureka moment", Holly hatches up a plan.
"If we are gonna win this competition and blow the socks off of Ms. LaCréme, we have to work as a team and bake what we bake best. Who's with me?"
The girls nod in agreement and place their hands in the middle of the table, Devon's is not in the pile.

“You too Devon!” says Amy
“Yeah, you’re an honorary Hey Girl!” Carrie cheers.
“We can’t do this without your help,” Holly says as she reaches out her hand for Devon to grab.
The four girls place their hands in the middle.
“1,2,3, HEY GIRLS!” they shout as they run out of the cafe.
“Holly, aren’t you forgetting something?” Devon says as she points out the kitchen.
“Oh right, TO THE KITCHEN!” Holly shouts as they run back to clean up their mess.

“Are you sure you want to submit these muffins again Holly? I’ve submitted them before,” remarks Aunt Jessie as she carries a cake tray covered with a cloche.
“And you’ve won with them before! Why not go in with an award-winning muffin recipe for Tiramisu? She expects the best and I just know she’ll love that recipe as much as we do,” Holly says as all the girls walk over to their fair booth. It's the morning of the dessert competition and the two neat rows of fair booths are bustling with energy, with excited bakers setting up their treats. Cookies, cakes, pies, donuts, brownies, the list goes on. Just as they finish setting up their booth, a commotion interrupts their train of thought. She had arrived.

Wearing her signature coffee-colored chef jacket, pleated brown skirt, large circular glasses, and 60s-style Gogo boots, Tiramisu LaCréme strutted down to the stage to give a warm welcome to the participants. Aunt Jessie looks nervous, but Holly is certain she has nothing to worry about, no matter how stressful it may seem. Behind them are Carrie, Amy, and Devon holding hands waiting in anticipation. Without a second to breathe, Tiramisu walks up to their booth.

“Hello madame, you must be Jessie!” Tiramisu says in a strong French accent as she reaches to shake Aunt Jessie’s hand.
“Uh, yes YES, that would be me, Jessie, hahaha. What an honor it is to meet you…in person haha…sorry I am a little nervous,” Aunt Jessie says shyly.
“A little?” Amy says as the other two shush her.
“Oh I know I can come off as a bit intimidating, but that’s merely my onstage persona. Acting up for the camera as you would say. I am actually quite shy myself, I’ve never had the opportunity to meet so many passionate bakers!” she says pushing her glasses back.
“But enough about me, what have you prepared for me to try?” Tiramisu says excitedly.

“Actually, it was my niece and her friends who took the lead on the recipe this year, so I’ll let her introduce them!” Aunt Jessie says as she turns to Holly.
“Hi, Holly Hobbie, also a big fan. We had a lot of trouble trying to find the perfect muffin recipe to showcase. All of us had different ideas that we thought could work, but it led us to not only fight but create a big mess in my aunt’s cafe. We realized that baking is much more than just the recipe, but who you bake with. So we decided to make you our family’s staple blueberry crumble muffins!” Holly announces as she unveils the muffins from underneath the cloche. Tiramisu takes the muffin on the top of the pile and takes a bite. With a smile, she gives a small laugh.

“What a heartwarming story Holly, you remind me a lot of my sister. Growing up, our grandmother taught us to bake her homemade recipes. Even though we made plenty of mistakes and messes, they are my

fondest memories with my family. It's what led me to become a pastry chef! I believe you learned a valuable lesson in baking from the heart, didn't you?" Tiramisu says in a comforting tone.
"I couldn't have baked all of these muffins without my friends and family, that's for sure!" Holly says.
"Well my dear, these muffins are simply divine The blueberries are just the right amount of sweetness, and the cinnamon crumble gives such a lovely texture—best of luck in the competition," Tiramisu says as she waves goodbye to the girls.
"Group hug?" asks Holly.
It's as if she didn't have to ask, they all came together for a group hug.

Devon was right about Holly, it's never a dull moment when she is in town, and it's thanks to her and the rest of the Hey Girls that Aunt Jessie's blueberry crumble muffins took 1st prize at the spring fair. Holly, sitting in a large beanbag chair back in her room stares at a printed photo of the girls standing onstage with an oversized check written for $10,000. The photo, signed by Tiramisu LaCréme wishing her all the best, gives her another memory for her journal. She takes out her denim-covered journal from her backpack, flipping the front cover that has her initials HH on top. She tapes the picture along with a recipe card for those award-winning muffins.

Smiling at her newfound memory, she had a twinkle in her eye you couldn't ignore.

Try Aunt Jessie's award winning blueberry crumble muffins at home! You can find the recipe card below and bake some for your family and friends!

Aunt Jessie's Blueberry Crumble Muffins

PREPARATION TIME: 30 MINUTES
SERVINGS: 6

Muffins:

- 1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup milk, approximately
- 1 1/2 cups fresh blueberries

Crumble:

- 2 TBS white sugar
- 2 TBS brown sugar
- 3 TBS all-purpose flour
- 3 TBS butter, cubed and softened
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Directions:

1. Preheat the oven to 400 degrees. Grease a muffin tin or line with muffin cups.
2. Mix the muffin dry ingredients in a large bowl. In a glass measuring cup, pour in the 1/3 cup oil. Add an egg and then pour in enough milk to make a full cup of liquid ingredients.
3. Pour liquid ingredients into dry ingredients and mix well. Carefully fold blueberries into mix and spoon into muffin cups.
4. Mix topping ingredients together with a fork until crumbly. Sprinkle over the top of the muffin batter.
5. Bake about 25 minutes or until golden and a toothpick inserted in one comes out clean.

POPCORNS
POPCORNS
JOHANSSEN
33
LOVE

It is calm in the asteroid; the dark sky has wisps of blue and several campfires light what they assume is nighttime. Tired enough to want to relax, but not enough to fall asleep, Jimmy and Carl watch the sky together.

“Hey, there's a red giant. And that's a white dwarf.” Jimmy exclaimed, excited. But it didn’t last, as Nick mocked him.

“You can relate, huh, Neutron?”

Jimmy, looked down, heat rising to his cheeks.

Carl noticed his change in behaviour and, worried about his friend, asked:

“Hey, Jimmy, what's the matter?”

A long silence elapsed; it seemed as if Jimmy was not going to answer when he spoke:

“Listen, in case you haven't noticed, I'm not exactly the tallest guy around.” He took a long breath and continued. “Shorty, squirt, small-stuff, shrimp. It gets to you after a while.”

Carl didn’t know how to answer, so he remained silent.

“And next year there'll be dances. What girl wants to dance with a guy who looks like he should still be in Gymboree, huh?”

“I didn't think we liked girls yet, Jim.”

Once again, embarrassed, Jimmy rushed to reply.

“We don't. We don't. No. Urgh! Not yet. No.” He felt the need to clarify, so he continued.

“However, one day, Carl, an influx of hormones that we can't control will overpower our better judgment and drive us to pursue the female species against our will.”

“Stop talking like that, Jimmy! You're gonna give me nightmares!”

Jimmy snorted, looking up at his friend, he decided to calm him down.

“Listen, I wouldn't worry, Carl. I have a feeling puberty is light years away for you and me.”

<u>3 years later</u>

“Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!!” A loud high-pitched scream echoed across the street. “Cosmo, Wanda, heeeeelp!” Timmy called for the fairies as he ran away from a crazed Vicky, laughing maniacally and holding a giant metallic maze.

Timmy - a twelve-year-old pre-teen with shoulder length hair, wearing a pink football jersey and his usual blue pants- ran away from his babysitter.

“C’mon Turner, we are having so much fun, come back so we can finish the game of “Make the worm squirt!” Hahahahahaha!”

A pair set of a green and a pink elastic band appeared in Timmy’s wrists.

“What’s wrong, sport?”

“Yes, Timmy, she looks extra menacing today, it’s scary”
“Vicky found a poster from the school dance I was going to ditch to game with Chester and AJ and now she wants to use me to test her new tools!”
“Come back Turner! If you’re a loser who can’t get a date for a school dance, we are guaranteed to have a long date to test MY NEW TOYS!”
The ginger pulled out of nowhere a torch to heat her maze.
Timmy screamed at that. “Where can I hide, that Vicky can’t go to?”
“We could go to another world” Wanda proposed.
“Or you could hide in a friend’s house, one that has his own creations and weapons like Crocker’s! Oh, wait, no...”
Timmy’s braincells made synapsis and he laughed.
“Great idea, Cosmo! Wow!” He reflexed “It’s been a while since I said that.”
“Yes, I thought I would never hear it again. I had a great idea, yippee!”
Timmy stopped running to hide in an alleyway and turned to talk to Wanda in his wrist. “I wish to go to Jimmy’s lab!”
POOF!

It was a calm evening in Retroville and 13-year-old Jimmy Neutron was chilling in his laboratory; drinking some of his patented burping soda, listening to an upcoming indie rock band -one of Libby’s most recent finds- in his computer and updating the security DNA scanner from the main entrance. It was decided, he was ready to let in not only Sheen and Carl, but also Cindy and Libby. He had taken some time thinking about it, and his friends had grown responsible enough to not touch potentially dangerous experiments, and become somewhat reliable to take care of the most tedious and monotone tasks. And Cindy and Libby... well, nowadays, Libby came in combo with Sheen, with them now being an official couple and all. Cindy... he had to admit he wanted her around to brainstorm anytime he had decided to sketch the next invention. Or simply hang out, yeah. He could even feel the anticipation tickling all over his body, all with the simple thought of them creating something together, like tiny ants walking on him. And this time, they were not ants, he had checked, twice!

Honestly, he couldn’t wait for the moment Sheen and Carl arrived at his front door. He had called his two best friends a few minutes prior, unable to hold his excitement any longer. He wanted to see the expression in their faces when they realized they would be able to get in on their own, if the need presented itself.
A beep came out of the speakers, and he turned to check the software’s update progress in his computer, which showed a giant COMPLETE sign that blocked everything else from view. Smirking, proud of himself for a job well done, he rebooted the system.
“Great, now we can...” He started saying, but got interrupted by a flash and a strange force that pushed him slightly away. When he was able to open his eyes once again, he found a pre-teen with fair skin, brown hair, and ridiculous giant beaver teeth.
“T-Timmy?”

With a deafening shout of JIMMY! Jimmy found himself pulled into a strong embrace.
“Cool, I can always count on you being huddled up in your lab!”

Jimmy didn't know whether to take that as a compliment or not. He smiled, though, happy to see his friend for the first time in... wow, two years.
"Timmy, nice meeting you again. Any specific reason you decided to travel through universes just to meet me? Is your universe in danger again?"
He frowned, getting serious. To which Timmy laughed.
"No!" Timmy laughed further "I'm hiding from my babysitter"
"You still have a babysitter?"
"Yes, my parents... travel a lot." Jimmy was not sure that was true, but he let his friend continue. "So, there's this dance at my school... and my babysitter found out I don't plan to go because I don't have a partner to go with. And now she's threatening me with torture because of her ruined night!"
That... was terrible! What kind of babysitter did that? Not that he could know, neither him nor his friends had had a babysitter in years.
"That's why I need your help! I need you to..."
Timmy kept talking, but Jimmy was no longer listening. How could he help his friend? Was Timmy asking him what he thought? Heat started rising to his pale cheeks and his heart started picking up the pace. What was this? He had only reacted like this with Betty Quinlan, when he still had a crush on her, and, well, with Cindy. Was Timmy asking him out? Was he asking him to go to the dance together as what? Friends..? Right?

He is so distracted by his own thoughts, that Jimmy misses the first two calls from his computer and only reacted when Timmy bumped his shoulder and pointed to VOX, who had a live recording of Cindy and Libby at the lab's only entrance. Jimmy groaned; he wasn't ready to show his latest update to the girls! It was supposed to be a surprise. He still had to test it with the guys first! And Timmy was here, in need of his help, he couldn't deal with both things happening at once!

He took too long mussing it over. He heard another beep from VOX signaling more movement from the camera and found Carl and Sheen walking towards the girls as they talked amicably. Jimmy looked sideways in Timmy's direction and realized his friend had noticed the group in his cameras too. The big, bright, goofy smile on his face turned his stomach and his heart jumped a little. That as the only sign needed, with heat still on his cheeks and an all-new tingling feeling in his fingers, he groaned, held a long breath and pulled the handle to let them all in.

Jimmy was staring, he didn't need Cosmo and Wanda to tell him for Timmy to notice. Had he said something weird? An uncomfortable feeling set on his belly as he noticed the cameras and all their friends coming to the lab. It had been a while! He had missed them! Then, he saw the blonde beauty walking besides whom he recognized as Libby. She looked short, a big contrast with the tall girl he remembered, now wore make up, her hair now in a low, messy ponytail instead of a high tail and DAMN, was she muscular. Not just fit but REALLY muscular! Was that really Cindy?
Heat rose to his cheeks and he hoped it wasn't too noticeable. He moved closer to Jimmy as he heard them slide down to the lab.
"Hey, is lil' brain Jimmy!" Carl exclaimed, clearly excited.

"Vamos, gordo! Remember his name now is Timmy!"
"Oh yeah, sorry Timmy"

“Hey Timmy!”
Carl hugged him, while Sheen bumped his fist and Libby just smirked at him.
It felt nice to feel so wanted to be around.
“T-Timmy?”
“Hey Cindy, you’ve gotten so fit!” He blurted and immediately regretted his words.
The blonde giggled and shrugged.
“I have gotten better at karate, I’m a dan level now, I just keep up with the routine.”
“Well, I wouldn’t mind getting squeezed by those strong muscles you got. I can handle some rough treatment.” He smirked, smugly, and added a finishing touch of wiggling his eyebrows.

And then, there were a torrent of different reactions; Carl hid behind his hands, simultaneously trying to cover his ears and his eyes, Sheen looked at Timmy in approval and signed him a thumbs up while Libby, whom was locked in a side hug with Sheen, bumped her best friend’s shoulder, Cindy turned red and lost herself in a fit of giggles while she shook her head, and Jimmy, he was also red, but he seemed split between confusion, anger and what Timmy thought could be mild interest.
So, they had turned into a thing now or Jimmy was still in denial? Give it to the nerd to express interest when his crush was getting hit on.

He must be analyzing his own reactions. Timmy thought. Well, if they hadn’t gotten out of their brilliant brains, Timmy could give them the push they needed and get a fun night out of it. He needn’t be back until after the dance had gone by, after all.
“So, my Olympian beauty,” he smiled the way Chip Skylark had taught him “would you like to come to skate with me? I can teach you some moves, I’m good at skating.”
Jimmy looked so incredibly annoyed, he had fire in his eyes. Timmy wanted to laugh.

“Wait there, Turner! I thought you wanted to ask me to go with you to your dance so you could ditch your babysitter and now you’re hitting on my girlfriend?!”
Huh, that was actually a great idea! Oh no, wait, he had to focus, he was kind of in trouble. But Cindy looked as surprised with the word girlfriend as he was! Or he thought so, with the way Cindy was dreamily giggling now and blushing and telling Libby how they were now official and how Jimmy couldn’t take it back since he had said it in front of everyone.

“Well, she doesn’t seem to know that. And looking by how surprised she is, I don’t think you show your appreciation enough...”
As the boys start “debating” Libby leaves her boyfriend’s side and gets closer to her best friend, a smirk plastered all over.
“Are you seriously gonna let two guys fight over you? Again?”
Cindy snorted, rolling her eyes.

“If those two idiots haven’t grown up in two years of knowing each other, then, I reserve my right to make fun of them as I please. And I will get advantage of it. We are not risking the end of the world now.”
The girls laughed comfortably.
“Girl, I already thought you were awesome, queen!”
“Thank you, Libby.” Cindy looked up at her taller friend, as they walked out.

Carl and Sheen watched them walk away and shrugged.

"...Oh really, you haven't seen us together. You don't know how much appreciation I show to her normally!"
"Well, she can decide what she likes best once she has had a long day of full appreciation. I will show her a good time like you can't!" Timmy looked around, hoping to find Cindy by his side but soon realized the girls were missing. "I will go look for her first!" And thus, he ran away in search of the blonde.

Jimmy stood by his computer, a weird, cold sense of dread lingering from the departure of his girlfriend and his friend from another universe.
Carl walked towards his friend and asked him hesitantly, "Are you okay Jimmy?"
"Yeah Jimmy," Sheen added "That fight was intense." He looked up to the ceiling for a few seconds, as if assorting some courage to speak "So, is this over Cindy or is something else going on between you and Timmy?"
Jimmy's face was going from a slight remaining warmth to full on flaming once again.
"Yeah, you can tell us, Jimmy. Even if we used to make fun of implications like that ages ago, you're our friend and we will always support you with anything."
"Sí, Jimmy, you're the genious, after all!"
The scientist got a happy feeling, looking at his oldest friends with soft eyes.
"I-I don't know. But I don't have a crush on Timmy! I'm very happy with Cindy! It was just the most bizarre thing when he appeared here and started talking about a dance..."
Sheen and Carl sighed while sharing a knowing look.

Timmy ran through the streets of Retroville, looking for the girls, soon realizing he had no idea where to even begin to look for them.
"Why don't you just wish to be where she is?"
"Good idea, Wanda!"
He appeared in front of a cinema.
"They are watching a movie? I can't take her away from quality time with her friend."
"Do you want to wait her out?"
"Or you could wish to make time go faster."
Timmy was about to agree when he remembered all the times he had gotten into trouble for messing with time.

"Maybe I'll just wait her out."
When Cindy finally exited the establishment, Timmy was already waiting for her, with flowers in one hand and a set of skateboard and protective items for two in the other.
"Are you ready?"
Cindy and Libby looked back at him, incredulous.
Retroville didn't have a skating park like Dimsdale, so they simply fooled around in the streets. Cindy looked at him in amazement as he did another somersault with the skateboard and landed right in front of her.

"Wow, you don't think you would be interested in showing me how to do that, do you?"

“Of course, you’d be great! You have great skills, like your karate moves and speed!”
Cindy’s face turned a lovely shade of pink as Timmy felt his own pulse pick up. He was so close to her he could smell her perfume... But he couldn’t do that, she was his mate’s girlfriend, and she looked confused too. He couldn’t do this to them, so he stepped back in a more appropriate distance, while she giggled nervously.
“What?”
And then, she told her about Nick and all his accidents, so he taught her how to properly do all those tricks without breaking a leg. He also narrated the story about the time he won against Vicky for the title of the ~~Queen~~ King of the skating park.

Sometime later, Timmy and Cindy walked out of the Candy Bar, holding hands amicably. Timmy could feel himself sweat with nervousness, that only increased at the sight of Jimmy standing outside, waiting for them.
“Hey Cindy,” he was blushing “Would you like to come to the lab and help me with a new invention.”
Cindy returned her stare disbelieving. Timmy agreed. What help would a genious like Jimmy need? “I want to brainstorm with someone the possible implications and outcomes of my latest ideas and... since you seem to always be our voice of reason...”
Timmy smirked; Cindy looked pleasantly charmed. Whatever happened here was the good thing to do. Yet, he had a weird feeling crawling inside him, as he looked at the couple walk away, chatting excitedly, already firing off ideas.

Jimmy sat comfortably in the couch he had set before the holographic fire in his lab, with Cindy in his arms, after sketching out ideas, reformulating concepts and coming up with safety measures in case of “eventualities” happening. The genious boy tried to not overthink the fact that right now they were, in fact, snuggling.
“Hey Cindy, would you like to have some of my mom’s pies? She makes more than one a day for my dad. I don’t think any of them minds if we take a couple of slices.”
Cindy looked at him with a soft look he had gotten to see more often lately, and he liked that.
“I would love too”

The couple enjoyed a couple of pumpkin pie slices, directly out of the oven, courtesy of his mom baking a new batch.
“I hope you liked it! I will take this full pie to your father. Jimmy, be a darling and take care of the dishes, the dishes-washing-machine needs to be fixed. Your father tried to toast bread in it and overheated it.”

Jimmy got an excited look while Cindy giggled. “No Jimmy, I don’t want you to fix that, only wash the dishes. You can take care of the dishes-washing-machine tomorrow. When Cindy is not here as our guest.” The change was immediate, Jimmy went from excited to disillusioned in a matter of nano-seconds and Cindy could not help herself from laughing loudly while Jimmy’s mom walked away.
“Need help with the dishes?”
“No, is okay.” Jimmy was doing the dishes when the doorbell rang.
“Jimmy, take care of the door!”
“Yes, mom!” He finished rinsing the soap away and dried his hands before walking to the door, Cindy right beside him. They opened it to find Timmy holding a pink backpack and a green comforter.

“Hey, Timmy” the blonde greeted him.
“Hey, Cindy. Hey, Jimmy. I was wondering if you’d let me stay until after the dance is done with... like next week.” Timmy said as he rubbed the back of his neck, nervously “I didn’t think you’d still be on your date.”
“Uhh... We’re done now.”
“Yeah, I was about to head home. Are you okay Timmy?”
Jimmy noticed how the pink wearing boy’s skin flushed immediately. It didn’t sit well with him. Even if he didn’t know if the butterflies in his stomach were because of unconformity or intrigue. So, he pulled Cindy slightly towards himself.

“Hey, don’t push Cindy around like that!”
“What? I’m not man-handling her or anything, so mind your own business!”
“Oh, really, but she was talking to me, and you deliberately pulled her away!”
“You came here to talk to me and now you’re feeding off of her attention! Pick one Turner!”
“What are you..!”

“You know what? I’ve had enough of you both!” Cindy shouted at the boys, pointing at them, exasperated. “You two have some seriously unresolved tension. I don’t know how sexual or romantic you insist it isn’t, I don’t want either of you using me as an excuse for not talking it over.” The blonde pointed at Jimmy, “Neutron, we are having our date on Tuesday, as planned!” now, she pointed at Timmy, “Timmy, I had fun skating with you,” she winked at him “I hope we can do it again soon.” She was leaving for her house, when she stopped and turned to Wanda.

“We are having some desperate girl time in my house. A sleepover. Would you like to come? I would like to also bring two girls from Timmy’s world I’m really curious to meet.”
Wanda looked expectantly at Timmy, silently asking for his approval. Timmy nodded. Wanda poofed and appeared next to Cindy, smiling, in a human disguise. “So, who would you like to go?”

“How about Libby, yourself, Trixie and Tootie.” The last two names accompanied by a smugness Jimmy hadn’t seen in a while and brought an extra warmth to his already tingling body. Timmy, by his side, seemed to want to object, but was too stunned to say anything.
“Let’s go, darling! Goodbye, boys, don’t do anything stupid!” She threatened, and with a poof, took them away.
Timmy and Jimmy stood there for a while, blushing.
“She seems mad”
Timmy turned to the genius boy.
“Really?”
Jimmy smiled fondly at his friend. An average kid that no one understands.

CHANNEL CHASERS

A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

TV GUIDE

CARTOON NETWORK

Chowder

The Powerpuff Girls

Ben 10

Codename: Kids Next Door

Ruby Gloom

The Grim Adventures of Billy & Mandy

TADA~
RAWR
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#19
BEN 10
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Baby Bun
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PANDAKITO

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Scooby Doo, Where Are You!

Ed, Edd, & Eddy

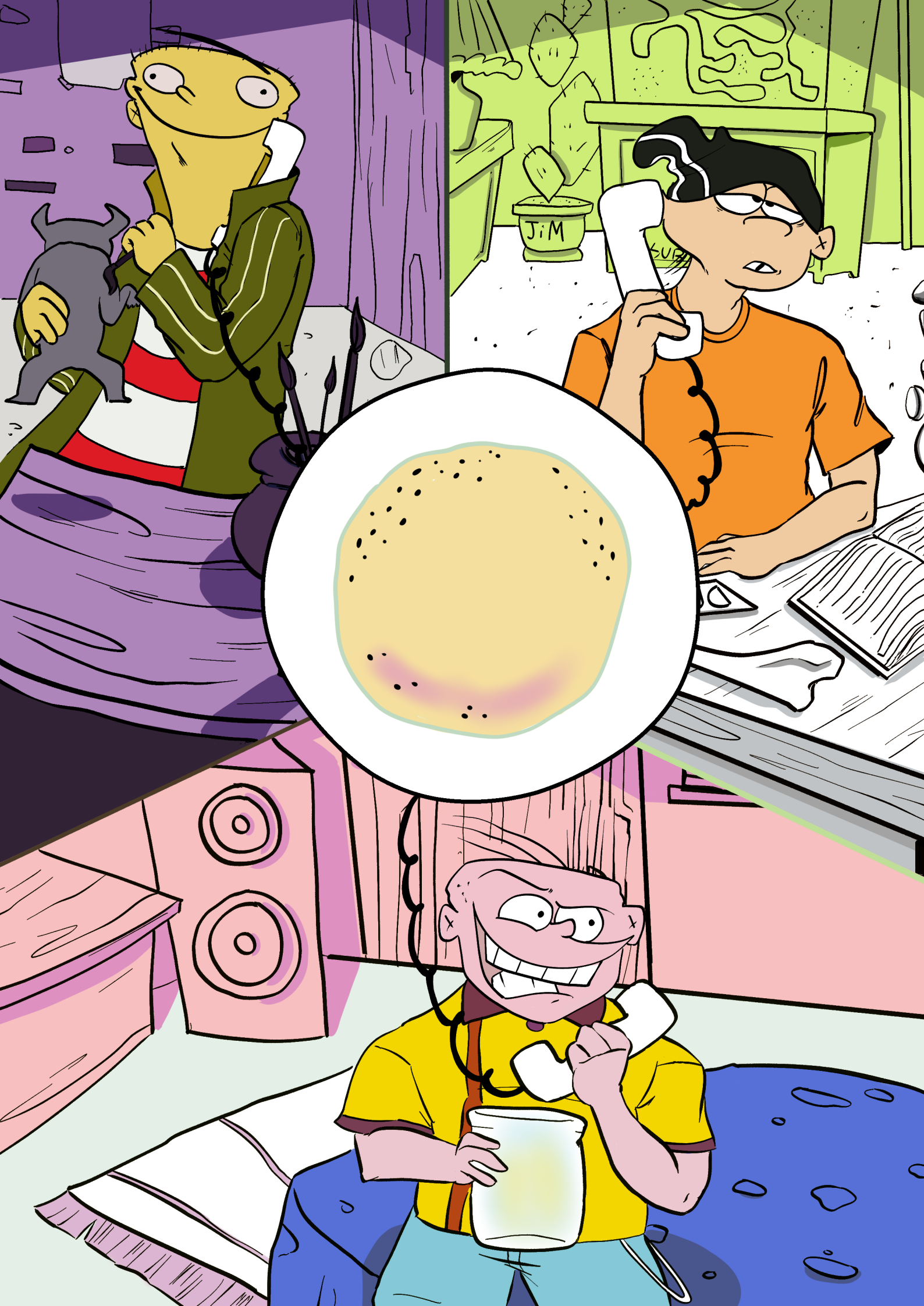
Adventure Time

Fosters Home For Imaginary Friends

Over The Garden Wall

Totally Spies

Regular Show


JIM

marceline
the
VAMPIRE QUEEN

FOSTER'S
HOME FOR
IMAGINARY
FRIENDS

When the wind began to pick up and the mornings had his breath hanging in clouds, Wirt knew that autumn had finally arrived. He knew it was coming—of course it was coming!—but there was a difference between knowing that it was coming and it actually being here. The one year anniversary of he and Greg's trip to the Unknown was approaching, and Wirt didn't know how to feel about that. Dreadful? At peace? Singing the praises of the fine EMTs that invariably saved their lives?

Greg shouted from downstairs. "What are you doing, slow poke? We're gonna be late for school!"
Feelings like that were over complicated anyway.
"I'm coming!"
Both he and Greg were still running around with Jason Funderberker The Frog, and that was enough.
What else was there to do?

"You don't think it looks—oh, I don't know—a bit silly?"
Sarah had the gall to laugh at him. They were standing in the aisle of a busy Party City, with far too many people for the poor store clerks crammed inside it. And she laughed.
"Wirt, I mean this in the kindest way possible, but it cannot be any sillier than what you wore last year."
At that, he gaped.
“My costume last year was great! Dare I say show stopping.”
Hiding her grin behind a hand, Sarah continued to giggle.
“You could say that. But I think we both know why that outfit was particularly show stopping.”

Sarah said the last couple of words as if they had wronged her. (And maybe they had! Maybe they’d offended her stylistic sensibilities! But at the end of the day, when he’d asked her out at Valentine’s, she’d still said yes.) Waving a hand, as if he could push the very words out of the air, Wirt hummed at his reflection in the aisle mirror.

“I mean, sure,” he sighed. “But really? A wizard?”
Wirt wore a long robe and a wide brimmed wizard hat, while the staff that Sarah had somehow located lay off to the side. Something about the whole outfit seemed wrong. It was missing something.
“If I’m going to be a witch, it’d sure make sense if my boyfriend were a wizard,” Sarah shrugged.
“But I mean, if you want to be a garden gnome again, I’m not stopping you.”
Wirt sighed, but didn’t move to take off the cape. He rubbed the fabric between his fingers, trying

to figure out what was bothering him.
"A garden gnome, really?"
Another bout of stifled laughter. "And that's being generous. I don't think anyone, least of all you, knew what you were last year."
Whatever was bothering him could wait. Halloween was a week away, and he'd put off costume shopping long enough. With a grin that twisted just a bit to the side, Wirt pulled off the robe.
"Wizard it is then."
The mini-round of applause from Sarah made his grin a bit more sincere.

For the first few days after coming back from the Unknown—because that is what he, Greg, and Jason Funderberker the frog decided they would call it—Wirt almost managed to convince himself it wasn't real. Sure, the hypothermia and not-quite-but-very-well-could-have-been hypoxia might have had something to do with it, but a small part of him didn't want to believe that it had happened.

He'd managed to convince himself for a week. A whole week.
Looking back on it, it was almost impressive how long he'd lasted. The thought almost made him laugh. He'd even tried rationalizing Jason Funderberker's existence! It wasn't until he heard the gentle ringing of Lorna's bell, accompanied by no small amount of glowing from the frog's belly that Wirt came to the startling realization that everything in the Unknown was real.

That the Unknown *itself* was real.

Once Wirt finally came to grips with it, he started to notice things.

Like how Endicott's name was plastered across plaques all over town, and how it had slipped his mind that Assonet was considered a blue bird sanctuary. There were always pumpkins in the graveyard too, even months after Halloween—even through the winter!
Jason Funderberker didn't hibernate like a normal frog either. Greg was good at riddles now, and knew the names of a great many stars and constellations. He'd also expressed interest in trying to learn an instrument, so he could join the middle school's jazz band when he was older. Late at night, when he couldn't get sleep to stick, he could sometimes hear Greg's hushed voice through their shared bedroom wall, singing jaunty tunes to Jason Funderberker.
(Greg didn't like lanterns any more, and he really didn't like going out in the snow. Wirt learned to carry an extra pair of mittens with him at all times, since inevitably Greg would lose his gloves. Wirt didn't like lanterns anymore either.)

A lot of things had changed since their trip, and Wirt knew that he had too.
Though he'd been barred from playing the clarinet on account of the water he'd inhaled, when he picked up the instrument a month after recovering it was like he'd never stopped playing. Every chord was accompanied by the single hum of a teacher at work. Or was it the cobbler? Or maybe the trees themselves? Something like that.
He often caught himself thinking of Beatrice, and her family of hopefully-no-longer-bluebirds.
Wirt would open his mouth to make a sarcastic remark, a quiet are you hearing this? to where she used to perch on his shoulder, only to snap it closed with prejudice. (Rarer still, when he flicked off the tiny tea

lights in the jack o'lanterns on their front porch, he found himself hoping that The Woodsman was faring well.)

Wirt got the heebie-jeebies at night sometimes, when he could have sworn there were eyes in the trees. He felt watched by the woods. Especially when he saw flashes every now and then: something like an antler, something that looked back, something dark.
"What are you thinking about, brother o' mine?" Greg asked. "Do you think we'll be late to go trick or treating?"

Wirt ran a hand down his front, trying to smooth the wrinkles that he just knew would spring up the second he walked outside. It was a lame attempt at soothing his spirit, but he couldn't quite find it within himself to kick the habit. He'd gotten dressed in his wizard garb, but Wirt drew the line at the puffy white, Merlin-esque monstrosity that Sarah had snuck onto the check-out belt.
"No, Greg, we won't be late," Wirt huffed. "I was just trying to decide whether or not I should bring extra gloves."

Greg nodded, but Wirt got the impression that Greg didn't buy his answer. He had that pouty look about him. That, and he'd put his hands on his hips, like he was about to give Wirt a sturdy talking-to. With narrowed eyes, and a decisive nod, Greg hummed.
"Hmm. Okay. Let me know when you decide, so we can go out when you're done! Me and Jason Funderberker are gonna wait for you downstairs."
"Yeah, yeah," Wirt said to the mirror. "Just give me a few more minutes and I'll be down."

Tiny pitter-patter steps led down the hall until they disappeared on the stairs, leaving Wirt to stare at the spot in his room now devoid of a little brother. A little brother who wanted to blab about the Unknown at every chance he possibly could.
(Greg had even dressed like one of the pumpkin maniacs from that ghost town they visited. Outfitted with some old-timey clothes, some straw, and a pumpkin candy pail, Greg had transformed himself into one of the Pottsfield residents.)

And Wirt was a wizard. Ugh. He didn't know if he was feeling lame, or nervous, or just a little nauseous. That was it! Right? There was nothing else he could do at this point to change things, so he simply sighed and resigned himself to the evening. Greg was waiting for him downstairs, as promised, while their parent(s) fussed around.
"You'll be safe, right, Wirt?" His mom smiled. The grin didn't quite reach her eyes.

His mom and step-dad had been downright unruly the first few months after he and Greg's "trip." They were picked up from school with no threshold for lateness, ferried places, watched with vigor, and basically barred from leaving the house without one of them around. It was horribly annoying, but they were rightfully pretty frightened. (And as someone who'd actually done the traveling-beyond-the-veil and all that, Wirt had thought the whole thing was pretty scary—so he didn't blame them.)

"Yes, mom," he rolled his eyes fondly. "We will be just fine. We're going to meet up with Sarah, go trick or treating, and then I'll drop Greg off before it gets too late."

“No shenanigans?” His step-dad ~~pleaded~~ asked.

Before Wirt could answer, Greg was jumping between them with his pinky in the air. “Pinky promise! I’ll make sure that Wirt doesn’t get up to any Halloween time she-nanny-gans!”
A few quick hugs and some double knotted shoelaces later, they were off. Sarah’s house was on the other side of town, so they’d have a bit of walking before they met up with her. Wirt prepared himself for a riveting twenty minutes of paltry halloween cheer.

“Why are you so nervous, Wirt?”
They hadn’t even gone two blocks—which in retrospect, was actually a record—when Greg piped up. Taken aback, and partially embarrassed that Greg of all people could read him so easily, Wirt felt his face flush.
“What? Why would you–who told–I’m not nervous. Not at all. What makes you say that?” he spluttered.

Greg didn’t so much as acknowledge Wirt’s stuttering, which was almost more embarrassing. The kid just kept marching along as he thought about his words. (A new trait that Greg had picked up after his birthday. He had said something about word games, and wanting to be trickier. It didn’t really make a lot of sense, but it was Greg, so it didn’t have to. Wirt wasn’t worried.)
“Well, you’ve been getting real worked up about your costume lately.” Greg held up a finger, starting to go through his list. “And you’ve been staring out the windows, and checking the locks a lot.”

Greg paused, trying to rack his brain for another point—completely oblivious to the way Wirt had paled in response.
“Oh, yeah! And we’ve been walking by the cemetery for a couple minutes now, and you’ve been getting all—” Greg shook his hands in front of him, like he was trying to shake water off of them, “—weird, the longer it takes.”
Wirt felt his face flush again when he realized that Greg had been mimicking Wirt’s own wringing hands—a nervous tic.
Wirt didn’t want to acknowledge it, but he was nervous. This whole thing—everything!—had him on edge. It was the anniversary. A weirdly upbeat thing to call the marker of their horrible and frightening trip into the Unknown. Sarah’s house was on the other side of the cemetery, just barely out of sight from where Wirt and Greg had taken their tumble.

(And the very thought of walking that same stretch of land made Wirt feel queasy, and like he wanted to turn around and just crawl into bed. And he wasn’t being dramatic this time, he swore.)
“Okay, fine,” Wirt hissed, though there wasn’t any fire behind it. “Maybe I am nervous. Why aren’t you? What happened wasn’t... it wasn’t fun, by any means.”
As the sidewalk wound around the wall of the cemetery, it started to slope downhill, keeping just far enough away from the railroad tracks to be safe. Greg’s steps crinkled with the sound of his costume’s hay and the remnants of leaves underfoot.

“I dunno. Some parts of it weren’t very fun, but I’m really glad I got to go. There were so many

cool people! And! We found Jason Funderberker! Which is pretty awesome in my opinion. It'd be sad if we never got to see him perform."
Wirt nodded his head, though he couldn't find it within himself to fully agree. Jason Funderberker the frog really could sing, and the frog ferry was super cool, but the rest of it weighed on him. It was weird.
"Yeah, I guess," Wirt shrugged.
"I mean, I don't think I've ever met so many different people. Or birds! Or horses!"
"...right. Because that's a good thing."

Instead of being cowed by his brother's lackluster replies, Greg started to hum a jaunty tune Wirt couldn't place. It seemed to echo against the stone wall and amongst the trees.
As Wirt's eyes followed the sound, they settled upon the river at the foot of the hill. Dark, still, and dotted with leaves, the river laid in wait. Wirt very nearly stopped in his tracks.
It was one thing to think about the Unknown and remember the things that happened there, but it was another to actually see it—to be confronted by it. The Unknown was nothing but a strange dream as a result of a nasty concussion, a light drowning, and some gentle hypothermia, yet it was painfully real.

"C'mon, Wirt. If we stay here much longer, we'll be late: and that's a rock fact!"
Greg was standing in the path, directly in front of Wirt. God, it looked like Wirt had actually frozen after all. Wringing his hands, Wirt took a breath. He'd run from turtle-crazy dogs, escaped from Adelaide, and outsmarted The Beast—some bad memories and a rock in his gut couldn't hold him back. (He wouldn't let it.)

"Yeah, you're right. Let's get going. Just promise that you'll be careful, alright? It's probably—I don't know, slippery or—something?"
Greg lightly yawped before continuing down the path, kicking small stones and humming jaunty tunes. If Wirt's ears weren't as sharp, he was certain he'd have missed Greg's quiet, who does he think I am? Careful's my middle name!

As Wirt followed, hawk-eyed, he couldn't help but hum along. Greg was a musical kid, but in a completely different way than Wirt. A lot of the music that Greg fell in love with wasn't very high on Wirt's list. While he was certain Greg liked every single piece of music ever made, the younger far preferred the little songs he scraped together to Wirt's more somber sensibilities. This one though, Wirt thought, isn't half bad. I wonder where he heard it.

When they finally rounded the far end of the cemetery, a row of houses crept into view. Sara's house rose like a beacon from the tops of the trees, and Wirt found his feet moving just a hair quicker. The path rolled down the hill, tucking itself right up to the bank of the river as they both disappeared beneath the trees. Up close, the water of the river was lapping slowly at the shore. The stars blinked across its surface, popping in and out of sight beneath the canopy of half-fallen leaves. The shadows were heavier, hidden from the moon as they were. Greg skipped along, unbothered as always, while Wirt steeled his spine. He was older now, better prepared, and braver—whatever came his way, he could take it. He'd be able to protect both Greg and himself.
(A spot of confidence didn't prevent his heart from leaping up his throat when Greg gasped.)

“Whoa! Check this out!”

For one, blinding moment, Wirt was running through the snow. Ice tricked down the collar of his cloak and made his hands go numb as he clawed against tree limbs and wind.
And then Wirt was standing at the edge of the river bank, wide eyes following the tip of Greg’s finger as he pointed to the surface of the water. In a shaft of light, Wirt stared at their reflection. Distorted by the slow moving current, the Greg and Wirt from one year prior stared back. Greg, still lugging that teapot, and himself, complete with red cone-hat and all. Though he’d seen crazier things—he’d lived through them!—Wirt found himself reaching for his phone. When he turned on the flash, hoping to get a better look, nothing changed. Greg’s green overalls and shiny leather shoes still wavered on the water’s surface, while Wirt’s half-hidden grimace slowly etched itself into his reflection.

To think: they couldn’t even make it to Sarah’s house before something weird happened. At this point, Wirt just needed to accept that things would be different. Sparing one last moment to peer at their costumes from last year, Wirt was comforted to see that not much had changed after all. Maybe an anniversary was just a day, and a harrowing adventure didn’t mean things needed to be different. Maybe it was just Halloween, and he was Wirt, and perhaps he’d been nervous for nothing.

He rapped a finger against Greg’s pumpkin hat. “You said it yourself, we’re gonna be late.”
“Then we’ll race to Sarah’s house!” Greg was on his feet in no time, tearing down the path with poorly stifled laughter. “Last one there is a Jason Funderberker!”

And despite not being much of a runner, Wirt took off in a fit of laughter.
On the bank opposite of the brothers a girl in a blue dress watched them go, imagining the laughter that wafted across the river was in response to one of her jokes. Neither brother spied her, but it was just as well; she’d see them again. Eventually.

CHEESE

TV GUIDE

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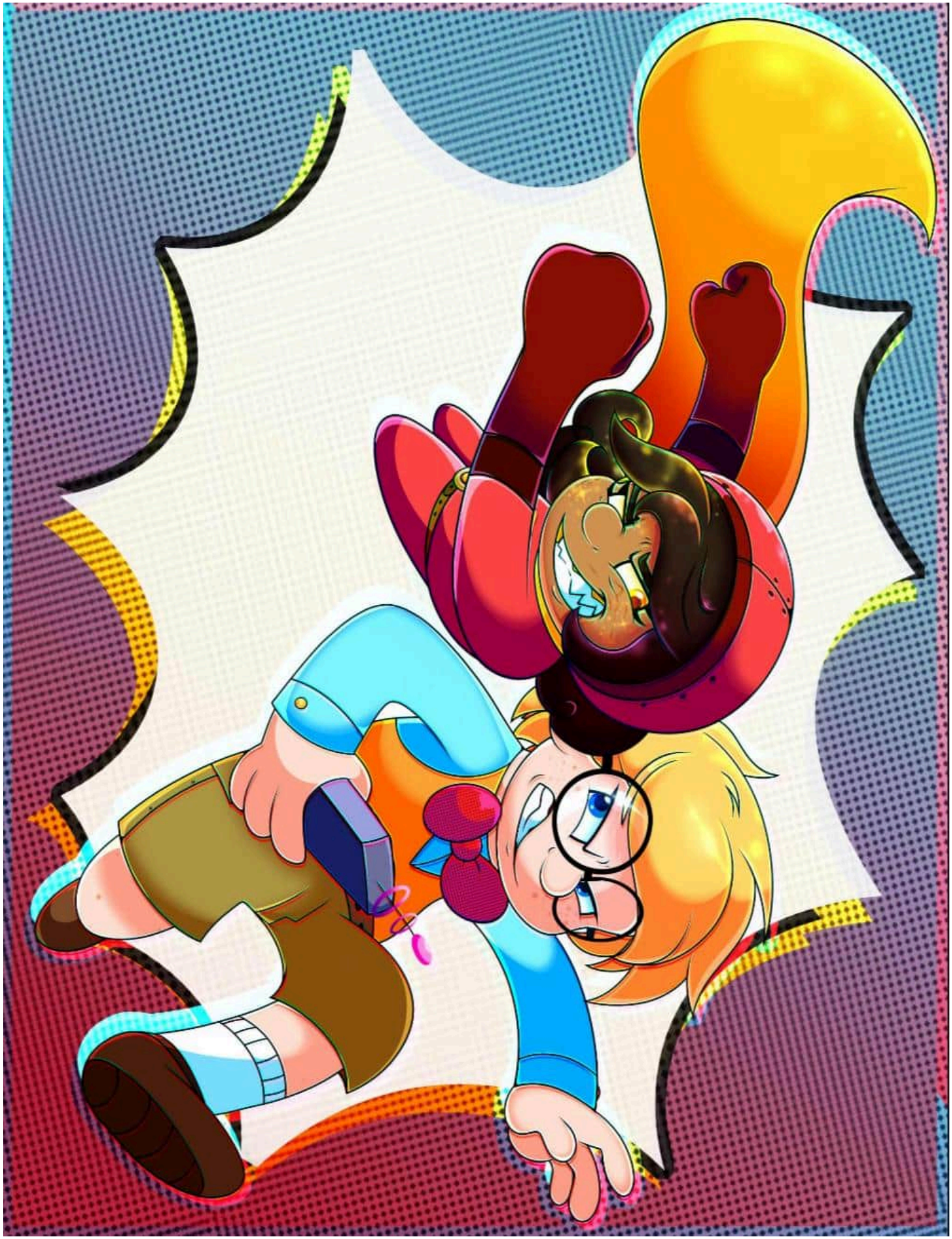
A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

Dash & Dot

Wordgirl

Time Warp Trio

Suzettey



CHANNEL CHASERS

A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

TV GUIDE

Kim Possible

Gravity Falls

Buzz Lightyear

of Star Command

A
-
F
G
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M

“I need all the books you’ve got on ancient monkey idols.”
The young librarian peers up from their computer screen, surprised that someone has walked up to the desk without them realizing someone was there. The woman in front of them is tall and slim with jet-black hair. She’s chosen to sport low-riding jeans and an oversized shirt, along with mismatched green and black gloves that match her... green skin?
That can’t be right.

Except, when they go to blink and wipe off their glasses, she’s still standing there in all of her green-with-envy glory.
“Did you not hear me?” the woman snaps, emerald eyes narrowing. “I said monkey idols. And I need those now.”
The librarian sits up a little straighter, taken aback by the woman’s tone. They haven’t even responded yet, but she’s chosen that the easiest course of action would be to be angry. They narrow their eyes, prepared to open their mouth when someone speaks from behind the woman.

“Monkey idols, huh? Never thought you’d stoop to using public source material to hatch evil plans, Shego.”
The green-skinned woman whips around, her eyes widening before narrowing into hateful slits. Whoever the red-headed woman in cargo pants and a crop top is behind her, they very obviously aren’t friends. And if they were, the librarian finds it a little hard to believe that they’re happy to see one another. They step back from the desk, peering between the two while they reach for the button beneath the desk.

Calling for the police would likely be a jump in judgment, but they don’t get a great feeling from the way the two of them glare at one another and seem to circle the circulation desk.
“Kim Possible,” the green-skinned woman—Shego, the librarian reminds themself—sneers. “Why do you have to show up everywhere? Can’t you take a day off? Y’know, like a cop, or a firefighter!”
Shego raises a hand to fire off a green fireball. It sizzles through the air, and the redhead ducks out of the way of it. The green mass sails all the way across the main room of the library to the opposite wall, colliding with a shelf of books and setting them ablaze. The patrons sitting near it are panicking, already snatching up their things and scrambling out of the emergency doors.

The moment the doors swing open, the alarm is triggered. The librarian is ducking behind the table and making their way over towards the nearby doors.

“In a library? Shego, this is a place of learning,” Kim Possible chastises.

At the same time, Shego is ripping her shirt and pants away from her body and revealing a black and green body suit. The librarian doesn’t know what that’s supposed to do when there’s a lot of pyrotechnics going on, but they do know they need to get to the fire exit nearby.
“You don’t think I’ll hold back just ‘cause we’re in a library, do you?”

Shego’s quip has Kim flipping into a back handspring to dodge another fireball. Whatever the two of them have going on, it certainly doesn’t concern the librarian—
“And just where do you think you’re going?”
They’ve been so busy with crawling away that they hadn’t even realized that Shego, with her fiery green eyes, was standing right behind them with her hands on her hips. They stare up at her in shock, unsure of what to do. They aren’t going to go between the shelves when they’re about to catch on fire! And it’s all thanks to her surprise, fiery wrongdoing!

“Uh... outside?”
They pose the answer as a question, unsure of how Shego wants them to answer before they’re being pulled up by the back of their shirt and flung into the low desk they’ve been crawling behind. Kim gasps before grabbing Shego by the neck of her bodysuit.
“No civilians, Shego!”
Kim slams Shego into the desk, seemingly upset by the fact that the villain had the gall to mess with a civilian. The librarian blinks, feeling the eventual bruises blossoming along their back. This certainly isn’t a safe spot, and they aren’t going to be able to get out going the way they were...

“Psst! Hey!”
They turn, looking over their shoulder at the sound. There’s a group of patrons huddled near an emergency exit a few yards away. The librarian is quick to get to their hands and knees, hurrying over to the group. They’re trying to get out, aren’t they? If they can just reach the group—
There’s banging and crashes behind them, making them crawl faster. They have to maneuver around a few chairs and backpacks that have been left on the floor to get to the back wall. Behind them, Kim crashes into a table, groaning as she goes to sit up and glare at Shego standing across from her.

“All I needed was a book about a stupid time monkey, but you can’t even give me that, can you? Shame, since you’re all alone and Draken would be so happy to see me finally beat you.”
Kim sits up and narrows her eyes at the other woman before leaping from the table and onto her feet. She’s already got her full lips pulled into a smirk as she resumes her stance.
“That’s what you think. I’m not gonna let you get any book about any time thing, or whatever else you’ve come here to steal!”

The fight is migrating closer to the wall that the librarian is easing towards. They can feel the thump of punches and kicks flying and being blocked and smell the sulfur of Shego’s fire as they make their way closer and closer—
“Oh, sh—!”
The shout is cut off as the patrons are forced to make their way outside. Kim is backing up until

she's practically right on top of the librarian. She tries to force Shego back, but the heat of her fire makes it impossible for Kim to move in any direction but the one that Shego is forcing her in.

"Might wanna move!" Kim shouts back to the librarian.
They're moving quickly, scampering over despite the hurt in their side and back. There aren't many places for them to go, so they try to round the giant room and make their way along the burning section of shelves to go towards the entrance. They can feel Shego's burning gaze on the back of their neck, making it near impossible to sneak away from the fight without being seen by the villain.

"Where do you think you're going? I think it'd be real considerate of you to stick around until all of your patrons have been assisted accordingly!"
There's a squeak—oh, that came from their own mouth—as Shego switches her targets and practically charges towards them. They aren't nearly as agile as Kim, but the librarian manages to dive out of the way and narrowly dodge being grabbed by one of Shego's gloved hands.
Kim is hot on her trail, grabbing Shego where the villain failed to get ahold of the librarian. A growl leaves Shego's throat as she tries to sit up and goes to grab for them again.
"Get back here, you little rat! I need that book!"

It's another round of tussling before the librarian is close to one of the fire extinguishers set into the wall. They throw open the case and snatch the extinguisher from it before turning back towards the flaming shelves. Of course, they know it isn't their responsibility to save the books or put out a fire, they've always been told that. But if these two keep fighting, everything is only going to get worse!

Shego is reaching for them, sending out a large ball of green fire when they hold down the handle and point the extinguisher hose at her. Her eyes go wide before she gets a face full of white foam, effectively cutting off her flames and covering her from head to toe.
Kim had been smart enough to dodge when she saw they were going for the extinguisher. She's getting to her feet when Shego stares down at herself, eyes like saucers until they fill with unbridled rage.

"Y'know... all I asked for," she starts, sloughing the foam from her body and flicking it to the floor, "was a book. One book, but I couldn't even get that. At a library? And since I can't get what I need, you're gonna pay for it!"
She's diving for them, and the best Kim can do is grab her by the ankle. They're both dropping to the floor as the librarian speeds to the burning shelves. The books will be covered, but the least they can do is stop the burning.

As they spray the foam out over the books, they hear Shego growling loudly. Kim has her arm above her head, shielding herself from a kick in the face as Shego yells.
"Nobody cares about the books unless it's the one I need!"

She can't get any leeway with Kim's grip on her ankle, but she's trying. By the time they've gotten all of the flames snuffed between the shelves, there's a cry of pain. Kim's injured, likely coming from Shego kicking her hand, and the librarian is tossing the extinguisher to sprint out into the hallway.

As they look behind them, they see Kim pulling Shego to the ground again before getting to her feet. She's on top of Shego in a second, pinning her down with legs on either side of her waist as they trade blows. With the lack of fire, Shego seems to only be relying on her physical combat skills, and Kim doesn't seem the type to try to back down. There's grunting and the occasional shout of "Get off me!" before Shego is finally able to throw Kim from atop her and get to her feet.

She's immediately moving, not bothering to see if Kim is coming after her.
"Nobody's gonna save you now!"
There are two sets of feet running after them, Kim right behind Shego. Thankfully, they know the building better than either of them. And, just by sheer luck, the library that they are working at is an absolute maze. They're weaving down the halls and dodging into a room before Shego can catch up.

Perhaps word of the fire has spread through the entire building, because there isn't anyone around. It's just the three of them and the pounding of the librarian's blood in their ears.
Kim is catching up, but so is Shego. It isn't until the librarian ducks into a side room, a room with audio and video equipment that's mostly to hold all of the old televisions and VCR players that the library has amassed.

"There's nowhere to run," Shego hisses, slamming the door behind her when she enters the room.
It's almost as though they can feel her breath on the back of their neck as they slip into an adjacent room. How the rooms are all interconnected, they have no idea, but they do know that if they leave this room, Shego will be stuck since the second door locks from the opposite side.
They make their way back out into the hall and lock the door from the outside. Kim is there, catching her breath and staring at them in shock. The look on her face begs an answer to the obvious question: how did they get out?!

"C'mon!" Kim demands, grabbing their wrist with her good hand and continuing down the hall.
She shouts about the exit just as Shego kicks open the door and screams after them.
"Get back here!"

Kim has them making a hard right into the foyer. They're so close to the outside world that the librarian can taste it. They know that Shego is hot on their heels when they break through the front doors. The fire rescue team is here, and so are a few squad cars and two ambulances. The moment that the doors are starting to close, Shego bursts through them, little green sparks attempting to flicker from her hands when she nears them.
It's only when she sees all of the police officers surrounding the building that she realizes she may not have it as easily as she thought she would.

Both Kim and the librarian can see it on her face: there isn't anywhere for her to run but back into the library. And even then, she'll eventually be found since she doesn't know her way around it at all. Shego is surrounded by officers in her moment of indecision. They're quick to get her to her knees and handcuff her. The librarian isn't sure just how long her flames will be out of commission, so she hopes that they can get her taken in before things turn even more disastrous.

“Quick thinking back there.”
The compliment comes from nearby, where Kim is being ushered to the back of an ambulance to have her wrist checked. She can’t move it well, it seems, but she isn’t very concerned with it. She’s smiling at the librarian despite how weird all of that was.
“Thanks. I just... didn’t want her to catch me,” they laugh, mostly at their own fear throughout all of it. They can hear their heart in their ears, but it’s getting a little better. Even as Shego shouts to them how she’ll come back and how they’ll regret it.
“Yeah, she’s a little nasty with those flames. But you should be safe now. Sorry about all the damage we caused inside, though.”

They shrug, not really minding it. Hopefully, the book that Shego was looking for burned up before they could get around to putting them all out. It’s a sad thought, knowing that something about ancient history could have burned, but perhaps the book not being here will deter her from attempting to come back.
“I mean, we get a few folks that aren’t allowed to come back. I’m pretty sure my boss and coworkers won’t be too upset to not see her again.”
Kim seems to find that funny as the paramedic sets her wrist and goes to treat a burn on her arm.

Another paramedic instructs the librarian to sit while she checks them over for any injuries.
As the squad car Shego was put in drives off, an officer comes over. He has a notepad and pen and seems intent on getting statements from the two of them. They tell him about everything, including the book that Shego was looking for.
“We’ll look into this, thank you both for cooperating with us.”
He’s gone just as quickly as he walked up, and both Kim and the librarian breathe a sigh of relief.

“Could’ve been worse. At least we’re both alive, and everyone is safe,” they decide, shrugging with one shoulder. Kim looks over, smiling at them.
“Yeah. I guess it really could have been worse.”

Duty was something that had been drilled into Mira since she was young. Even as a child, she knew she would have a destiny to live up to. To take up the throne and rule her people. Guide them and protect them, bringing prosperity to those who relied on the decisions and words of her and her future council.

Only half of that, probably less, really stuck with her when she was younger. Back then, all she really wanted was to play with her toys, to listen to her mother tell her stories and occasionally- when she was old enough- to briefly visit those other worlds. Mira could still remember that delight at experiencing space flight, of learning those dots in the night sky were more than just lights. Her father insisted that those off worlders were inferior in every way to Tangeans, something she should never forget as heir to the throne.

As she left the comforts of childhood, the weight of her inevitable future became more real to her. Mira was more removed from the other kids now, more so than being royalty had made her. Her lessons began to deviate from her classmates. Her father had done all he could to ensure that Mira's education was some of the best the planet could offer. From the basics of diplomacy, to playing politics and reading that double speak that was as natural as breathing air to them.

Mira knew there was really no escaping it, no matter how much she wished she could avoid having to take those lessons. When you already had your future planned for you before you were ever born, it was natural to want to make breathing room for oneself.

It was here she found Romac, another crack in her understanding of the world. He was different, yet somehow a kindred spirit. To be free from the confines of their respective backgrounds. If only for a few hours, it would be enough.

Her father put a stop to that, but already Mira was beginning to dream about a life outside the castle walls.

It was Buzz Lightyear who helped put the final nail in the coffin to whatever contentment she

might have found in staying on Tangea, a life confined to the throne. She saw his bravery, his burning desire to help a people who weren't his own. How small Tangea felt just then. The space rangers had offered them a new path to a united future. The ones she was meant to be guiding.

There really was more the universe had to offer her. More for her to offer back, another path to take. For the first time, Mira heard a voice inside her, one that was uniquely her own and unwavering.

It was that sense of duty but this time, it was one she made the decision for.

The space rangers were where she was meant to be. By protecting others, she could ensure that she protected her own people. What was a leader, if not someone who did just that? Her father may have protested, but Mira already made up her mind.

Mira loved every second of it. Even the bad, the boring, the painful and frustrating parts, she loved. It was all part of the deal and she was far from a stranger to all of those things. Being a space ranger was vastly different from her life on Tangea. She was out and about, working alongside and for the common man. Getting her hands dirty and buried in paperwork.

She was finally among the stars. Mira was living that life of adventure she hadn't known she was craving until then. Fighting side by side with her team, facing down evil in all forms. Upholding the laws that kept the peace, vowing to defend all those who resided and depended on the space rangers to let them have those normal, boring days they never thought twice about.

It all felt natural to her.

She was born to do this. To protect her people as the future ruler of Tangea. Defending the galaxy she and everyone she knew- and didn't- lived, loved and admittedly didn't appreciate as much as they all should.These were one and the same. To ignore one was to ignore the other.

Mira knew this would not last forever. She was straddling the line between two worlds. Inevitably, she would have to give up one or the other.

She knew without a doubt which one would be left behind. It hurt, knowing that she'd one day have to give up her wings, say goodbye to the greater cosmos and resign herself to the messy world of politics. No more missions to far off worlds, not even the routine traffic stops.

No more team Lightyear.

They would all have to depart eventually, but Mira hated the fact that she would be the first to do so. There was still so much more to be done out there. So little time.

Mira promised to herself to make all of it count. When she was Queen, gazing up at the night sky once more, she wouldn't have to make up stories of what went on up there.

She'd have lived it.

TV GUIDE

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A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

4KIDS TV

FOX ANIMATION DOMINATION

Magical DoReMi

Dinosaur King

Bratz

The Simpsons

They could hear idle chatter from one room over. Chomp, Paris, and Ace peeked their heads from around the corner, just barely enough so that they could see. Not like they would be able to understand a word, let alone reasonably comprehend what was going on. Nonetheless, their curiosity was piqued by the familiar voices of their discussing companions.

“Max, are you sure that we can leave them alone for that long?”
“Come on, Zoe. They really are just...strange dogs. They’ll be fine on their own for a little while. Right, Rex?”
“I don’t know. It should only be a quick trip in theory, but I still worry about them being unsupervised for too long.”
“Exactly! At least someone has some common sense around here, Max!”
“Hey! What’s that supposed to mean!?”

To the three of these so-called “strange dogs,” the majority of their spoken words were comprised of incomprehensible nonsense. They were dinosaurs built for battle, thus, they only understood a few commands in regards to combat. A few words in regards to casual greetings and partings were also included amongst their limited comprehension of the human tongue. As a result of their lack of understanding, their curiosity of the world, especially in such small forms, often got the better of them. Paris, Chomp, and Ace knew better than to attempt to remain inconspicuous and eavesdrop, regardless of the level of their comprehension. The three of them called back their plans to spy, and continued as if not a thing caught their eye.

“We’ll be back soon! Try not to cause any problems for us!” Zoe said, waving.
“And if you do, I’ll make Rex clean it up!” Max said, running out the door.
“Hey! I wasn’t the one who suggested we leave them alone!” Rex said, running after Max and closing the door behind him.

They had only understood maybe, two or three words total from those few sentences? Gathering clues from their gestures and the environment, the trio of dinosaurs concluded that Max, Rex, and Zoe have departed for the great outdoors. Naturally, Chomp wanted to follow in the shadow of Max, free from the restraints of the house walls. He headbutted the door with his three dull horns in an attempt to nudge it open, but in his considerably small form, it would hardly budge.

Seeing that his efforts were proving fruitless, Ace stepped in to take charge. He jumped up in an

attempt to grab ahold of the doorknob, but his teeth were unsuitable for gripping such a rounded, shiny surface. In frustration, Ace wiggled his two tiny claws upwards, creating a laughable, pathetic display of desperation. Angrily, he stomped his feet, which made far less of an impact than he was probably hoping for. He mustered all of his strength into his vocal cords for a roar, which was more comparable to a baby's cry at his current scale.

Paris was probably the only reasonable one out of the three. A rather feeble attempt to reason with them was made, but her quiet chirps were only so effective against two rowdy loudmouths. In addition to this, a Parasaurolophus of her current size faired rather poorly in combat against a Triceratops like Chomp and a Carnotaurus like Ace. Regardless of what direction she could attempt to take, acting as a meditator would not to prove very effective. The tantrums of Chomp and Ace could only be quelled by the stubbornness of the immovable door.

For a short while, the three of them simply stood there and stared at the door, hoping that their masters would magically return if they hoped hard enough. That strategy, however, was not proving to be very effective. Pathetic whimpers and growls had now power against the divine force of the passage of time. The apparent dire situation aside, there was one redeeming factor that they had failed to consider until now. The three little dinos had the entire house to themselves. And just like dogs left unsupervised, there were plenty of opportunities for them to stick their noses into places that they shouldn't be.

Upon this realization, the first to abandon the mission of the closed door was Chomp. After enough whimpering and headbutting, he eventually concluded that perhaps it was not worth his energy. The time he spent growling and pawing (clawing?) at the door was better used in exploring uncharted territory within the establishment. Paris and Ace watched as he walked away contemplative, wondering what ideas could possibly be stirring in that peanut-sized brain of his. Was he planning to formulate an escape route to rejoin Max, Zoe, and Rex in the great beyond? Or perhaps his plan of attack was a bit more unconventional? Curious, the two of them followed Chomp, also forfeiting their quest to open the door.

Chomp started to shove his nose into every corner of the house that his three little horns would allow for him to. Under the couch, in between books on the bookcase, in the house plants, and so on. Such nosiness wasn't something unusual for him; only this time, nobody was around to stop him. With all trace of human life in the house long gone, more opportunities for them opened up. New activities, new possibilities, forbidden territory, the list goes on.

And this list included the refrigerator.

Now, the main problem that was posed for the three of these creatures was their lack of opposable thumbs. Paris and Ace had somewhat of an advantage, being bipedal even if their claws were a little small. However, the handle was up there, and the three of them were down here.
Paris wasn't exactly supportive of the idea of a fridge raid anyways, taking after her master acting as the more rational member of the group. As always, she was outnumbered two to one, and Chomp and Ace were determined to figure out how to open the fridge door one way or another. Brute force, crafty tactics, it didn't matter. They needed to secure themselves the holy grail of endless food. He maneuvered

his horns in between and under the fridge door in an attempt to try and catch the edge and nudge it open. After a bit of shoving his head around and his claws sliding on the floor, he finally caught his horns like planned and flung the door open. What was once a sealed vault moments ago was now a portal of endless opportunity. The white light blessing their eyes was as close as a hungry dinosaur would ever come to reaching heaven. All of the food they could want... as much as they could possibly as for... it felt like a sweet dreame turned miraculous reality.

Upon further inspection, dreams of an endless feast were quickly crushed by hard reality. Chomp realized that he wasn't exactly interested in what was currently presented to him. He was expecting a bottomless supply of hearty greens and the like, as here was where his Max would always retrieve him food without fail. Much to his disappointment, all he could see was a small bundle of fruits and vegetables in the bottom drawer.

So, the supply of food was finite? Even Paris couldn't help but be disappointed, despite distancing herself from their conspiring. Not the infinite supply she was expecting (secretly hoping) to see. And Ace, in the midst of their flabbergasted disappointment, wasn't going to take such a letdown for an answer. He pushed his way into the fridge, and using Chomp's frill as a rather painful stepping stool, attempt to reach the top shelf to pull down some meat for himself. Short, stubby hands and a rather thick head were not an ideal combination, especially for shelves specifically crafted for long and thin human arms to reach into. When shoving his jaw in between the shelves didn't work, he attempted to find his footing and climb up even further.

Before he could ascend a singular level of shelves, Ace completely lost his footing and came tumbling down on Chomp, barely avoiding impaling himself on his spikes. An unreachable lost cause. He didn't even bother hiding the jealousy he harbored towards Paris and Chomp's "endless" food supply was within reach in the fridge drawers. Ace herded them away and slammed the refrigerator door shut with one fell swoop of his tail. Despite the failure of the fridge expedition, losing this battle did not mean they lost the entire war. Plenty other curiosities awaited them within the kitchen alone.

Investigating the shelves and upper cabinets was completely off the table. Once again, it was because they were short. And not well equipped for climbing.

What about the other appliances? Same issues persisted.

It seemed as if every aspect of their little bodies provided some sort of annoying inconvenience preventing them from actually exploring and using their alone time to their advantage. Perhaps time was better spent elsewhere, or at least on activities more worthwhile than raiding the refrigerator or eyeing up unreachable cabinets. The living room harbored a reliving feel of familiarity compared to the undaunted and unreachable hidden horrors and disappointments of the kitchen.

Usually, they were reduced to seeing such sights from a floor level. With nobody around to tell them off, the couch was theirs for the taking. It was fairly easy for Chomp and Paris to use their back legs and propel themselves upwards, but Ace struggled to climb with his short arms and lack of balance. It was

quite the sight to watch a small dinosaur struggle to lift itself up, but after a few snorts of laughter, Chomp leaned down to catch Ace with his horns and pull him up.
In front of them stood a mysterious square-shaped box, with nothing but a mirrored reflection visible where a "moving picture" would typically be. The question was, just how do they force these pictures to manifest before them? There had to be some way to make the box produce these sounds and effects, but the three of them were clueless as to how.

A small rectangular object was lying on the couch pointing in the direction of the box. Paris gestured towards it, recalling Zoe holding the gadget and somehow working it to control the contents shown within the box. How this witchcraft worked, they couldn't even begin to fathom. Even if they did have the knowledge to work it, short claws and stubby legs were of no use in operating man-made devices. Despite the low probability of any success, Chomp reached out and curiously tapped a few of the colorful bumps on the object. With his prodding, he discovered that these bumps were actually pressable, leaving him to believe that they were buttons of some sort. Surely, with enough trial and error, one of them would eventually have to work.

Ace stepped in to take a shot at working the box, but his body was too disproportioned to be able to properly handle such objects. He leaned down and frantically wiggled his little arms around, but only succeeded in falling face first into the sofa.
Disregarding the struggling Ace as if he were an unloved brother, Paris moved in next to try to work the mysterious gadget herself. With longer arms at her disposal, she had a far better shot at working it compared to Ace, but before she could push down a singular button, Chomp had shoved her aside. He began stomping on every button with far too much enthusiasm, much to the utter bewilderment of the others. A horrible idea, given how the stomp of a clawed beast, no matter the size, packed a ton of might. Whether this was truly done intentionally or accidentally, Chomp had busted the key to the box's operations beyond usage.

Which meant that the mystery of the screen that somehow projected moving pictures would remain unsolved.

If Paris did not have an ounce of decency remaining in her soul, she would not have hesitated to send the other two flying off of the couch with a swoop of her tail. Alas, the last thing she wanted to do was cause further destruction in the house by sending their hefty bodies tumbling through the table. Never mind the now useless mechanical box. Ace was still struggling snout-first in the couch.
Chomp tipped him off balance to the side, likely intending it as a gesture kindness to free him from his humiliating position. Though Ace may have been freed, he was also toppled onto the ground as a result. When he flung himself back onto his legs, he rudely snapped his jaw at Chomp, but he aggressively raised his horns in return.

Forget those two maniacs. Paris had reached the point of wanting nothing more than to rest her little body. Not much to do to pass the time when your legs are stubby and your fangs are flat.
But Ace and Chomp were like hyperactive dogs. They wanted something to do and they were determined to find it, whatever it may be. Expending their energy by running around in circles? Nah, that was too boring and too plain considering the limits (or lack thereof) of the freedom they had. A little bit of

friendly roughhousing? They get summoned for battle enough times as it was. How was it that they had an entire house open to them, yet they couldn't figure out anything to do?

They couldn't even participate in what their companions did on the norm. Anything and everything was suitable only for two-legged creatures... with hands meant for such things. But what was within their reach was the rather chewable looking legs of the furniture. Close to the ground, did not require a human hand to pry open, inconspicuous enough to not immediately be noticed...

And they did have free reign of the place…

As if they were telepathically communicating, Chomp, Ace, and Paris went silent and looked at each other. If a smile could be formed on their face, the two troublemakers would be grinning from ear to ear once the realization hit. In a split-second, Chomp and Ace took off and began gnawing away at the furniture. The taste wasn't exactly pleasant, as Chomp kept spitting out stray threads and Ace felt as if the texture couldn't compare to that of fresh meat. Nevertheless, they continued chomping and gnawing away. Paris chirped for them to stop, but neither of them cared given that they had, at long last, found a worthwhile way of utilizing their brief moment of freedom.

She was almost half-tempted to join in on the "fun" herself, but she refrained. She briefly attempted acts of mass destruction for herself by chewing on the couch cushions a little, but her flat little teeth were getting her nowhere. Meanwhile, Chomp was wearing down whatever he could get his little mouth around and Ace was living up to his name as an ace of house wreckage.

Quickly deciding to throw in the towel, Paris freed her teeth of the couch strings and instead calmly curled up for the time being. As the other two handfuls went about their pint-sized rampage, Paris opted to look away and act completely uninvolved with the other two. As if that would make her any less guilty, given her brief cooperation in heists prior.

In the midst of their terror, the knob of the front door began to shuffle.

BRATZ

THE SIMPSONS

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Sailor Moon

Go! Princess Precure

Super Gals!

Cardcaptor Sakura

Cure Flora
Cure Mermaid
Go! プリンセスプリキュア
PRINCESS PRECURE
Cure Twinkle
Cure Scarlet

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A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

CREDITS

[In Order of Appearance]

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CREDITS

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[In Order of Appearance]

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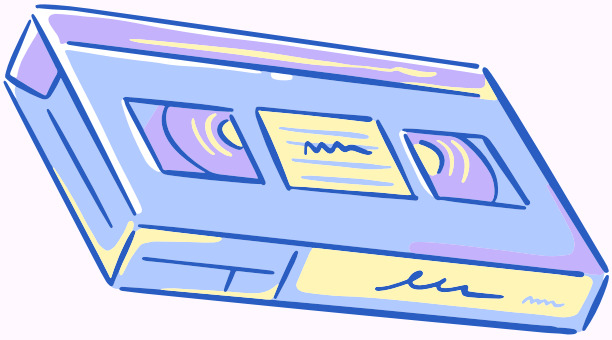

ShaneCny
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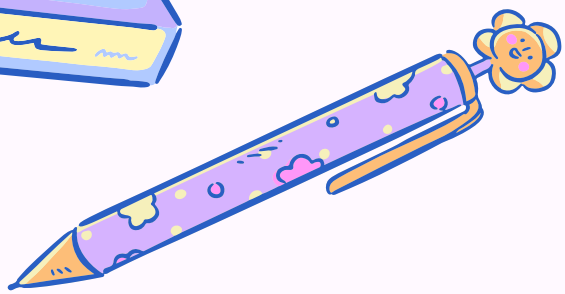

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CHANNEL CHASERS

A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

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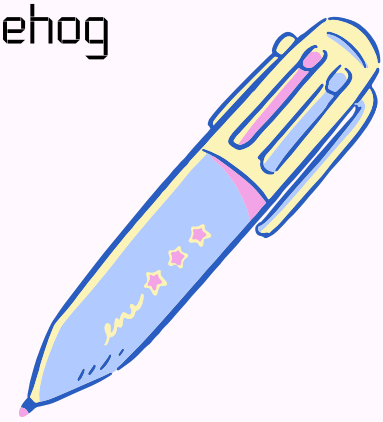

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CREDITS

CHANNEL CHASERS

A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

[In Order of Appearance]

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CHANNEL CHASERS

A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE

SPECIAL THANKS

To our dedicated directors

Writing Director Reese
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"This was my first zine! It was a ton of fun to be part of a larger group of creatives and to oversee their work."

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"While the fic writing side of the project was not as extensive as the art side, it was still very fun to be able to help out and I look forward to working with this team in the future."

Art Director Yuka
Instagram: @yukayumekira1601
"I'm really delightful to be a part of the zine, and I had so much fun with the crew to create an amazing zine to reach out for people who have memories of their childhood cartoon shows! With love and sparkle dreams!"

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Tumblr, X, & Instagram:
@clarissasbakery
"This is my first zine I helped out with, it was a lot, but also a ton of fun. 🫶"

SPECIAL THANKS

Channel Chasers Cover Artist
Ella Bella
Instagram: @ella.bella.draws
X: @ellabelladraws
Thank you for bringing our zine to life through your cover art!

Animation Jam
Instagram: @animationjam
Tumblr: @animation-is-my-jam
Thank you for helping us sort though our applications and prep the Discord server for our cast!

To the several zine reshare accounts that posted information about our upcoming applications and digital release: Alice with @anizines, @zinespotlight, Faneventshub Discord, @atozines, and @allfandomevents.

And to you, the viewers for not only sharing our posts and comments, but for reading this zine. This was created voluntarily by the cast because they truly love their favorite nostalgic shows. Many of these artists and writers have commissions or online shops open, so we encourage our readers to further support these talented castmates on their socials!

📺❤️

—Zine End—

CHANNEL CHASERS

A NOSTALGIC TV ZINE